

CUPID'S

Soliciter of LOVE.

With Sundry Complements.

Wherein is shown the deceitfulness of Loving & Lovers, now a days commonly used. With certain verses and sonnets upon several subjects that is Written in this BOOK.

By RICHARD CRIMSAL.



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A Young Gentleman to a beaultious fair
Young Gentlewoman.

Most beauriolis fairest of faire,
Courteous and kind loving
Gentlewoman ; my humble
Service I tender to your
compleat Person, wishing you
continual happines with true

joy and felicity : what more wanteth in ex-
pression of words, my heart multipliyeth in
good thoughts towards you. Now sweet
Mistress, let me, O let me intreat your patience
to lend your attentibe ear unto the hearing of
some news as a Petition to your own Person.
I am lately wounded with a shaft from Cou-
pids Bow, O he hath pierced my heart ve-
ry sore, my wounds bleed inward, and unless
you be an antidote to cure me, I am but a dead
man : the very ayre of your breath may cure me
if you please, and if you say the word it is done :
and I hope you will become a kind and comfor-
table Physician to me in my extreamity : Alas !
the Dart sticks fast still, and pricks me very
sore, and makes me press near unto you : you
may pacifie my grief if you please. I am sick
of that Disease that King Priamis Son Paris
was, when he beheld the face of faire Helena:
not that I would steal away that which is ano-
thers mans right ; far be it from my heart to

to do. **O**n, 'tis to enjoy and inherit that
 which Cupid gives me counsel may be my
 own: but alas, why did I say my own? when
 as yet I have no possession: nor is given me
 by that censure, which I do long to hear from
 the Judge of my cause, and that is your own
 self. Sweet, courteous, and kind Mistress, I
 cannot use my tongue with eloquence, but for
 evidence of the true love I bear to you, it shall
 be express with motions of modesty, and actions
 of honesty: for to be plain and brief, you are the
 only she that can cure or kill, you are she that
 mine eyes gaze at, that my thoughts feed on,
 that my senses dream on: nay all my whole af-
 fections are settled on you only: I can neither
 eat, drink, nor sleep, but in your Company.
 Though it may be I am a hundred miles di-
 stance from you, yet I have the true portraiture
 of those red cheeks, those coral lips, those bright
 Lamps of light and that pretty compleat dim-
 pled Chin, drawn out by a curious Cunning
 Limner, who hath used such art in his Work-
 manship, that I can do nothing but dote upon
 it: Like unto Apelle. which brought Art so
 near Nature, that he quite forgot the Work of
 nature and learned only on the frame of Art.
 But O my sweet Mistress, pardon my forget-
 fulness, I began to desire your favour, to en-
 certain my Love, which favour if I attain, I
 shall think my self most happy. I much long

of LOVE.

to hear of that kind answer from that pleasing tongue of thine, my joy, my hearts delight. I thou countenance me with favour; then shall I ever hereafter expect true joy in heart, and peace in mind, and a full measure of love to my lives end. But oh, if your respective smiles, turn to unrespected frowns, and your answer, which I hope will be kind and loving speeches, should turn to bitter words. O then you will even cast me into the deep abyss of Hell. Oh most courteous Mistress, let not that heart of yours harbour so much hardness in it, as to make your tongue to deny my request: It is but love I ask of you, it shall not be given neither, for I will repay it ten-fold double: trust me my dear love I will, and this I'll promise truly, that thou shalt be made sole Governesse and Commandresse of all thou canst desire: my heart and hand thou shalt command to the utmost Service that lies in me to do. O pity my Worthy, and do not kill my heart with grief, seeing it lies in thee to give it life. By these speeches, and some other signs of Love which you may see appears in me, and you understand, that my happiness rests only in you. So I rest yours to command, whilst death makes separation, expecting your kind answer.

The Beauteous Fair Gentlewomans Answer
to the Young Gentleman.

Most worthy and well-deserbing Gentleman, I haue had the hearing, and in part the perusal of your mind; which I find is a little intangled in Love, it is not a snare which catcheth many fools, and I my self hereafter may make one of the same number; but as yet I am free and at Liberty: And being free, I will seek to restrain the subtile Baits which are laid to trap poor silly Maids withal, and what are those baits? I will explain them; They are subtile Temptations and delusions which young men use by fair speeches and long procees: and indeed Sir, I must be brief with you, and tell you plainly you haue in this place and in my presence, laid the same baits to intangle me, but trust me, sure as yet, I will not be caught this first time. Indeed, besides I am young and tender of age, slender in judgement, my knowledge is not sufficient to know an honest man from a Knave. Indeed Sir, I dare not enter into any state of Marriage, without discretion: and furthermore, I am under the government of my parents, whom I dare not nor will offend: As they haue performed their duty with care and cost in bringing me to this age, so I must in like manner perform my duty in obedience to them, as fits a child to do: I must not cast the Reins of the Wicked on the Horses feet, nor where he pleaseth: such

OF LOVE.

as do so, are to ride out of their way : nay, that is not all, for many times daily experience tells us, they catch a dangerous fall : kind Gentleman, you said my words could cure or kill, your judgement falls in my opinion ; certainly he's but a faint Souldier that cannot stand aboue one blow : and he's much fainter that dare not stand one blow : this I leaue to your consideration. Kind Gentleman, I pray do not fall sick of conceit; the Proverb is, Conceit without receipt, is nothing but plain deceit. My Mother calls, I must needs be gone, for which I am heartily sorry : for I am fully perswaded, had I time, I could cure your melancholly, and put you into a fine fit of madness : but truly Gentleman, I must needs bid you adieu.

The Gentlemans Song in disdain of his mistris.

The Tune is, *Come my sweet and bonny one.*

Shall I despair or dye with care,
for her that will not love,
Hang him that will, i'll use my skill,
some other i'll go prove : (kind

And if I can find one that will to me prove
That her alway, I shall obey, and that she true
Methinks I hear some people swear (shall find
the Female Sex will change,

Then why should I, despairing dye,
for such as love to range? (take care

I'll seek to find content in mind, & never more
I'll not complain, 'tis all in vain

women are fond, though false

A young Citizen to a City Dam'el.

Most vertuous Mistris, and might blazing
Star: whose beauty the beholders ad-
mire, thou art the Mirror of our age, or at least
a precious paragon of pleasure: though I have
made something bold in pressing into your pre-
sence, yet I hope you will not be offended there-
at: I dare presume if you did favour me but as
much as I do affect you, that you would bid me
welcome, and that heartily too, Fair Mistris, I
am one that have crossed the Salt Ocean, and
have dealt in many rich Merchandizes, and di-
vers rich Druggs and dear Commodities, and
precious rich Jewels: but such a rich Jewel as
your self, I have not hitherto beheld with mine
eyes. O that I might be so happy a man to en-
joy that admirable beauty of yours. May Gold
buy it? I will not go without it: might sword
win it? I will lay my life at stake to play for
it: might trabel fetch it: I would trabel all
the world over for it: or if a Shippes Lading of
Pearls might obtain me this precious Gem;
all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, should
not be long unsearched. Alas, why do I speak
of the farthest parts of the world, when it is
here in presence, place sitting, and opportunities
free; There is no danger but denyal and that
danger makes me dread the loss of my Love,
my life and all other joys here on Earth. My
heart burnis with flames unquenchable: unless
you quench the fire I dye in despair, O speak

of LOVE.

Sweet Mistress, say, can you vouchsafe to release me out of bondage, and let me walk at liberty? kind courteous Mistress pity me, I am Cupids Prisoner: yet you have Authority to release me if you please. The debt that I owe is Love & that I'll pay to you in abundant manner too, and when I have paid you all that you demand, yet I will remain your debtor ten thousand fold more: Speak Mistress, speak, and withal speak kindly, let me not languish in misery. O say love and let me live, if you answer otherwise, the death stands ready to strike me dead.

The City Damosels Answer to
her LOVE.

Sweet Sir, you are a very proper young man, and compleat in all parts; the worst fault that I can find in you is this, that you have a very saint heart, or else it is a very false heart, which I shall plainly make appear; in the first place, that you shall dye for denial of my Love, that were a thing impossible: and on the contrary, if it be not so, it must appear it is very false in that you can say so much, counterfeit & dissimble: but I will not blame you for it, but against the next morning, or the next maid you speak to, I advise you to be better furnished, or else you will be trap in your speech: In the mean space if I want one to set forth my praise I'll send for you; so I wish you may speed well, when you speak better, till then farewell.

Cupid's Soliciter

The Young Gentleman being fallen sick,
sends a Letter to his Love.

My humble duty and service to my disloyal
Mistress: this however to remember my
Love unto you, hoping for your content all hap-
piness and health, wishing you all joy and pros-
perity: and as you find the hand of my Writ-
ting, so I desire your well-wishing towards
me at my departure: and though you would
not go to Church with me as a Bride, yet I
desire you to accompany me as a Mourner to
my Grave: you may now truly find and know
my heart was not false, but true and constant,
firm and sure: to make it more apparent, if
you come unto me before I have breathed my last
I will seal it to you by giving you all, or most
of all that I have. Thus I rest in haste, your
unexpected and dejected Lover, for whom the
Bell tolls.

The Letter is delivered to her, and she
hasteth to her Love.

How! a Letter from that young Gentle-
man and he like to dye, 'tis impossible: the
messenger may learn of his master to flatter and
dissemble a little. But stay let me see what is
within said; he says disloyal Mistress, this I con-
fess is true enough, but he remembers his love
to me, and prays for me too, 'tis well done: and
I must wish him well at his departure: but
whither is he going? I marvel, O stay, what
is

OF LOVE.

is here? Accompany him as a Mourner to his
Grave: this makes me startle, O terror! O false
bewitching beauty, why did nature bestow it
upon me? the Bell tolls, come let me to horse
with all speed, O that I could flie in the ay as
swift as the Swallows, but yet I will be with
my Love speedily, if any hast or help of mine
may preserve his life, he shall besure I will
not fail him. So courteous kind Messenger,
there is thy reward, make haste to thy Master,
my love is dear to him, and so he shall find:
Now I will haste to him to relate my mind in
secret to himself, O that I could send a Mes-
senger to death to stay that cruel stroak until
such time as we have finished our youthful
time of joy and pleasure. But no more delay,
I am gone. Now sweet Love I come, I come
with speed. My heart misgives me, who comes
here? he makes haste, his horse sweats very
much: ill news I fear me.

Another Messenger bring News her
love is Dead.

Fair Mistris, my hart hath been much, to tell
you that your delay hath been too long:
alas, you are going but your journey is in vain:
death hath stoppt the passage of my loyal Masters
coming to you; & may serve to stay your jour-
ney to him, he is dead, your unkindness to him
hath caused his death: had you been kind and
loving, then had my Master still had breath: his

Cupids Soliciter

lofs of life makes me bold to tell you, that you are too blame. Yet withal I may pacifie you again, he hath made you Heir of all his Land and Living. Mistris I know this thing hath a sweet sound with it, and as I did wound you yet this plaister will cure all again.

The Maidens sorrow declared,

O Sad and heaby news, hast thou declared to me, dolor and woe hath possessed my heart: I am tormented in my mind, and know not what to say or do. I am oppressed with grief & calamity: why was I boyn to be the death of so true loving and a kind young man? O why did nature work her art so far in me, as to bestow that perfection of workmanship in so faire a piece of clay: she hath adozned me with a faire outside, but within she hath placed a stony heart, that was not ended with pittie till it was too late. Now I plainly perceibe my own folly, and find out my error: alas my love, thou wast kind and loyal in thy love, but I was false and unconstant to thee. O would I could now call thee back again from death, or that death would be so much my friend to call me into his company. But alas, my wishes are vaine: I will betake my self to my closet and weep for my true loves death and bury my tears in his Grave: I will attend his Hearse as a sad Mourner, and write an Epitaph whereby the World may know hereafter that I heartily grieved for his death.

The Epitaph she writ upon his Grave.

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Here lieth he, which dy'd for me,
my fault I must confess;
My self was she, prov'd false to thee,
I cannot say no less:
For which I vow not to dissolve
my love to any other:

Then I le remain, till death hath tane
me, to the ground my Mother.

A young Mans subtilty to win a young Maid

Sweet Virgin, and Mistress of my thoughts,
I have long desired to speak with you, about
the matter you wot on: I told you in part my
mind at the last meeting we had, and your an-
swer was to me, that you would resolve me at
your next meeting, now is the time or never,
for I am on flame, or else you will destroy the
whole substance of my heart: I need not declare
my substance, nor tell you of the worthy acts I
have atchieved, these things are very well known
unto you: if my deserts do not deserve to merit
Love, then in brief tell me so: and on the con-
trary, if you find that I deserve your Love,
then answer lovingly: say that I shall be the
man, and none but I, and speak, or for ever
hereafter be silent.

The Maids answer to her best beloved.

My Love, to your demand I answer thus:
Where I the Paragon of the World, yet
would I be thy Paramour: had I the wealth
of

of Crasus, yet my self and it would be at thy
command, my affections are settled only on thee,
and I long to see the day wherein we may be
knit together in Hymens bands, my heart, my
hand, and what else thou canst demand, or com-
mand from me, resteth at thy disposing: in
token whereof I'll sing forth thy praise.

The Maids Song in praise of her Love.

The Tune is, I fancy none but thee.

Were my Love a silly Shepherd,
I would be his Shepherdess,
Or were he but a poor Neat-herd,
I would love him near the less;
But he is one that is well known,
to be a man in e'ry part,
And he alone shall be my own,
for I love him with all my heart.
He is proper, tall, and slender,
nature us'd her Art in him,
I will still be his defender,
he's to me a precious gem;
Him will I love while I do live,
him will I honour and obey,
My hand, my heart, to him I'll part,
he is my love, my life, my joy.

A young man to an old Widow.

Widow, I come to bring you tidings, of
joy, cease to weep for the dead, your
tears are spent in vain, 'tis but meer folly and
madness, think on the living: suppose you see
another

another husband before your eyes, and one that may give you comfort in your old age: say the man be like my self, cannot you find in your heart to love him? say widow, can you not? You see I am young & lusty, and in the prime of my youth: doubt not but I will prove loving & kind to you during the term of life: I am none of those that come to you with complements, but I speak in plain terms: tell me truly from your heart, had not you better content in bed when you lay with your husband, then you have now you lie alone? I know if you speak true you cannot say the contrary: a man is a comfort to a woman and a woman the like to a man being joyned together in hymens bands: Now tell me widow, have I spoke the truth or no? You know by experience, I speak by the way of supposition: But if you find I speak truth, then trust me, and try me in the state of Marriage: wherein you shall find I will prove a loving husband to you, during such time as either of us shall draw breath. Answer me speedily, and let us dispatch the matter suddenly, so we may both enter into joy presently.

The Widows Answer to the young Man.

TRuly you have touched me to the quick: I cannot say, but I had more pleasures in one nights lodging with my husband, then I have had ever since he dyed, which is the space of a whole month, and truly I will take your counsel:

tel : For I will not be alone another month for
no good. Wherefore I do accept of you for my
Husband, and a comfort to me : and with speed
let us perform the match, and seal the Bands
in presence of the Congregation.

A Song upon the wooing of a Widow.

To the Tune of, I am in Love.

HE that will wooe a widow must not dally
He must *make hay* while the sun doth shine
He must not with her stand shall I, shall I,

but boldly say widow thou must be mine :
Maids are unconstant, Widows are unkind,
The best of all is fickle as the wind,
'Tis vain to wooe a Widow over-long,
in once or twice her mind you *may perceive*.

Widows are subtil be they old or young,
& by their wiles young men they *will deceive*
Strike home at first, and then she will be kind
else you shall find them fickle as the wind.

Maids they are cross the Proverb so doth tell
young-men must flatter them all the while,
But Widows they love a bold Spirit well,
and if you please her then on you she'll smile
If you can give content unto her mind,
She'll love you well, else her you'll fickle find.

The Complement of a young man to his
Love, of her unconstancy.

O My darling, my dove, my duck, my dear,
when I have so long respected, shall I now
be disdain'd ? what for ever ? can that heart of
thine

thyne harbour cruelty in it always : O that
 Tongue of thine, can it run eloquently upon de-
 cest ; and nothing but decest ; how oftentimes
 have we kissed each other, and toyed with wan-
 ron Dalliance, when thou hast protested and
 sworn that none but my self should enjoy thy
 person : the two bright blazing Stars of thine
 hath caused me to gaze at them, thy Coral lips
 were to me as Lead-stones to draw kisses from
 me. All which thou professed was according to
 thine own hearts desire, and art thou now all
 changed again ; for shame let not the tongue of
 Man report it, twill be a disgrace to you and all
 your Sex. Hereafter turn thy heart to love, and
 love again. O let me not spend all my love in
 vain.

The maids Answer to her Love.

A Las poor simple Man, dost thou complain
 of any unconstancy ? no, complain of thy
 own negligence, thou hast been too slow in thy
 proceedings : the time was I did love thee well
 thou shouldest have made good use of thy time,
 but now time is past away, and cannot be recal-
 led again : if you men complain of women, and
 say, they are changing, why are you men so slow
 & do not take opportunity before they do change?
 now 'tis too late to call after me, for I am not
 like to the hawk that flies from the Air, and re-
 turns back again with the Vire, not so, you are
 crested, therefore rest your self contented and

Strike no more, for it is all against the stream,
and so farewell, I leave you to your good fortune,
& wish you may have a good wife, if you can tell
how to get her, otherwise dye a Watchelov.

A Sonnet made by a young-man, shewing
the maidens unconstancy.

The Tune is, *The Blazing Torch.*

MY Love to me doth prove unkind ;
and bids me now adieu,
I find she bears a fickle mind,
and leaves me for a new,
Ill hap had I to dote on her,
which will not constant prove,
She more doth breed my grief and care,
and will not be my Love.
Had I known this in former time,
be sure she should not flown,
We were united in our minds,
I counted her mine own ;
But now she's gone away from me,
alas she fues to rove,
I am perplext in misery,
she will not be my love.
Let all young men a warning take,
use time while time doth serve,
My Negligence made her forsake
me, as you may observe ;
I once had time and all things fit,
that I in fancy strove,
That time again I cannot get,
for I have lost my love,

am,
ine,
tell

OF LOVE.

A Young-mans kind Request of his
Dearly Beloved.

Happy be the time of our meeting, my joy,
my sweet and dearest Love: I was much
grieved in my mind at thy too long absence,
your friends murmur at me, and I know it is
not unknown to them that I speak the truth: but
what care I for the frowns of the whole world,
if I may but attain thy love and good-will: if
thou smile on me, I will boldly out-face any. I
fear not to challenge grim Hercules, were he
living, in the defences of her whom I so dearly
Love, But alas, our time is short, we cannot
discourse, time will not permit us leisure, nor is
our place fitting: wherefore my Love answer
speedily thy mind, I will remain thine till death
us depart.

The maids kind reply to her Dear.

My Love, though all my friends frown and
the World envy our happiness, yet I will
Love thee whilst life doth last: Probid with speed,
that we two may be joyned and made as one;
ill then, I rest your loyal and loving partaker of
all sorrow, grief, and care, and after I will joyn
with thee in happiness, joy unto mirth, wherein
we will both take an equal share, doubt not, I
will not fail thee.

Here's my hand, come give me thine,
So hand in heart we both will joyn.

The Man to his Love again.

MY love, my life, my joy, my wife,
so thee I well may term;
My hand thou hast, my heart is plac'd,
with thee so for to joyn:
My Turtle-Dove, my dearest Love,
my joys I cannot express,
The thoughts of thee, hath blinded me
as needs I must confesse,
Had'st thou deny'd to be my Bride,
my sorrows had begun,
And more beside, I sure had dy'd,
my Glasse had sure been run:
Thus we will part, my own sweet-heart,
till the approaching day,
Then we'll make known to joyn in one,
till death take life away.

The Shepherds wooing of a Country Lass.

My dearest and well-beloved, you are well
met here in the Downs, where you may
see my flock feeding, and my young Lambs
skiping for joy that you are come hither to
company me, which before I saw you, I was
beset with sorrow and sadness, now I am as
much possesse with joy and gladness: I will now
tune my pipes, and play you sundry Tunes to
make you mirth: I will play you loves delight,
which if you will dance over with me, I know
you will have hearts content in doing the same.
Say sweet-heart, wilt thou consent to yield and
love me? thou sayst my love is pleasant and
dainty:

OF LOVE.

dainty ; if thou wilt consent, thou shalt be sure
to have Wool enough to keep thee warm , and
look what thou canst desire, thou shalt have to
give thy mind satisfaction : say, Sweet heart,
canst thou love me or no ?

The Maids answer to the Shepherd.

KIND Shepherd, I like well of thy motion,
I pray thee let me hear thy pipes play, and
if I like thy Musick, I will tell thee more of
my mind, till then I will be silent.

The Shepherd plays and sings her a song.

The Tune is, *Within the North-Country.*

BRAVE *Tamberlain* he was
a Shepherd on the Plains,
And to his Love he gain'd a Lass,
which pleas'd him for his pains :
And many Shepherds more, had sped almost
I cannot reckon them all o're, (as well ;
nor name where they do dwell.
But I my self am here,
If thou deny me then,
I fear it my death will prove,
and sue to thee for love,
Wherefore to me be kind,
and save a Shepherds life,
And thou shalt find, I am inclin'd,
for to make thee my Wife.
Well Shepherd say no more,
I grant to thy request,
As thou bidst me speak before,
I vow I love thee best.

Cupids Soliciter, &c.

The Saylor to his Love, he being newly
come from the *Indies*.

NOw my joy, what say'st thou? I see you
are not yet Wedded to any one since my
departure, and I hope you have not bow'd cha-
stity: since last I saw you, I have crossed the
curled waves of Neptune, have ventured my life
in many cruel storms, to see and to search the
Indies, to bring home some Gold and Pearl for
my Girl: canst thou find in thy heart to love or
no? tell me sweet-heart canst thou?

His Loves answer to him.

Alas sweet-heart, I have had no joy never
since your departure: I thought long until
I heard of your return home again, and doubt-
ful I was, that the surly waves of Neptune
would have drowned thee, but now I see thy
person on shore, I am right joyful, and if thou
wilt be ruled by me, thou shalt endanger thy
self no more on the dangerous Seas; thou mayst
now stay at home and solace thy self with the de-
lights of Love: thou shalt be my Master and I
will be the Pilot, thou shalt be still a Saylor,
and I will be a Ship for thee to sail in: in plain
thou shalt be my love, my life, and I for ever
will be to thee a loving Wife.

The Saylor's Song of joy for gaining
his L O V E.

The Tune of *Come my sweet and bonny one*.

After this cruel storm at Sea,
I find a calmed shore,

She

OF LOVE.

She now begins for to love me,
 who hated me before :
 This is a change, and very strange,
 it seemeth unto me,
 Yea happy wind, that blows so kind,
 my Ship sails fair and free.
 My love was wont for to be coy,
 and me she did disdain,
 Now she calls me her onely joy,
 this is a pleasing strain :
 Cupid hath struck a lucky stroke,
 she now is bent to love,
 Which pleaseth me, most wondrously,
 that she so kind should prove.
 Perhaps 'tis because I have brought means,
 from off the Ocean main,
 By all suppose it truly seem,
 I did not Sail in vain :
 Now I have won my pretty one,
 and wealth enough beside,
 Had I not gone, 'thad not been done,
 nor had she been my Bride.
 Now unto Church in haste we'l go,
 and wedded we will be,
 Now pleasures tides begins to flow,
 between my Love and me.
 We'l make no stay, but post away,
 and end what is begun,
 My heart is thine, and thine is mine,
 my fair and pretty one.

Cupids Sower, &c.

The Author to the Buyer of the Book,

OF Love and Lovers here I will explain,
Some false, some firm, and some for love are
slain,

Some merrily d'posed, plays the war,
And other some of true Love seems to brag:
Some are constant some changing as the weather,
And some again joyn Love and Life together;
Some they are Shepherds, some they are churly
Swains,
And some are such as swimmer on the plains;
Some they are Saylor which doth cross the seas,
And some there are that lives at home at ease;
In plain they are all Cupids wound d men,
That seek for help to cure themselves again.

F I N I S

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